

The Somerset Heald.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1877.
The Commissioner of Internal Revenue offers persons other than officers of the internal revenue, the sum of fifty dollars for information that shall lead to the seizure of illicit distilleries. The rewards offered by circular of March 17, 1869, are withheld.

The election in Connecticut takes place on Monday of next week (April 5th). The Republicans are making a thorough canvass, and are confident of success, while the Democracy are doing their level best to retain the State. A Governor, Members of Congress and a Legislature will be elected.

The California papers represent the coming wheat crop of that State as in good condition. It will be an average crop, under any circumstances, and if the season be moist, it will be the largest ever gathered. The crop in Europe is also said to look promising, and so the world is not likely to suffer for want of wheat, at any rate.

Gov. HARTMAN has not yet signed the new license act, and it looks as if he intended to let it become a law without his signature—which will be on the 8th of April. We would rather see the Governor face the music and sign the bill. It is the act of the immediate representatives of the people, and we never did think a responsibility was avoided by this thing of refusing to sign a bill, that was sure to become a law without the official sanction unless vetoed.

COUNTING without the host, the Democracy claimed the newly elected Senators Cameron, Christianity, McMillan and Paddock as Independent Republicans. They have proved their independence of Democratic dictation, by voting with the straight Republicans to sustain the President's Louisiana policy, to the utter dismay and disgust of the guerrillas who, hanging on the ragged edge of the Republican party, are incessantly laboring to do it a mischief.

The irrepressible Andy Johnson made a characteristic speech in the Senate last week, ostensibly on the Louisiana question, but in reality a rebuke of state abuse of Grant and Sheridan. Andy is a good later and when not simply egotistical in his speeches, he must be abusive. With him it is myself, my enemies, or nothing. Of course the Democratic and "Independent" press is in ecstasy over the production, and they have so belabored the Tennessee statesman, that he reminds us of a newly born and tickled calf.

Among the gentlemen named in connection with the next nomination for State Treasurer is Hon. George H. Anderson, of Pittsburgh—former Speaker of the Senate. It is a foregone conclusion that Governor Hartman will be nominated as his own successor, and it is due to him, as well as to the party, that his colleague on the ticket should be unexceptional in every particular. The possible candidates so far named are all most worthy gentlemen, but in none of them is there combined more of the elements of worth, fitness and strength than in Mr. Anderson. His nomination would give strength to the ticket and assure its success.

In New York and other Eastern cities we observe they are holding immense demonstrations in honor of the late deceased "patriot" John Mitchell. Why any patriotic American should mourn for Mitchell we cannot divine. A refugee from tyranny in Ireland, he lent his influence to the cause of slavery in this country, a citizen by adoption, he sided with rebels against the government to which he had sworn allegiance, and having renounced all fealty to the British government, he yet became a candidate for Parliament, proposing to assist in enacting laws for a government he had solemnly abjured. We speak of evil of the dead, but to our poor comprehending party, this was not a man to be honored, nor a memory to be canonized by loyal citizens of this Republic.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, March 29, 1877.
A GREAT HOTEL.
Very few people, even those who live in them, have any idea of the construction, cost, or methods of conducting the great hotels of the great cities. It would be of any interest to your readers to know about these things? I think so, and shall devote the most of this letter to a statement of them. I shall take the finest hotel in New York for my subject, which is to say the finest hotel in the United States, except four in Chicago.

To begin with, the hotel must, to make it what it should be, cover an entire block, or the greater part of it. This is necessary to get ventilation and light. And even the four streets are not sufficient, for in addition it has to have a court in the centre. Such a hotel will have from six hundred to one thousand rooms in it, the number depending upon the patronage desired. If transient custom is what is sought, the rooms are smaller, for you can tuck a single man away anywhere, but if families and permanent boarders are wanted, the rooms must be large and airy, and have bath rooms, but no bath room is sufficient, for in addition it has to have a court in the centre. Such a hotel will have from six hundred to one thousand rooms in it, the number depending upon the patronage desired.

Steam is always used for heating the halls and public rooms, and all the rooms must be grates in them. A boiler that generates 300-horse power is none too large, for in addition to the heat required, power is necessary to run an elevator and to do the work in the kitchen and laundry. The means of communication between the great hotels of the great cities is by telegraph. Wires run from each room to the office and all the guests have to do is to touch a little knob and a hall-boy will be at his door in two minutes to execute his orders. There is not a code of signals for the most part, but the order is given by telegraph. Thus, one short pressure means tea; two, fire; three, chambermaid;

note of the coming Presidential campaign, and that they could wear the country from its property by a concerted bow against the military tyranny of Grant, enforced by Sheridan. Accordingly the harp of a thousand strings was attained to this melody, and the most weird and fantastic accompaniments were daily and hourly thrummed into the ears of the public. But the staid old Senators could neither be charmed by the melody nor soothed by the barbaric ferocity of the music, and after patiently and nonchalantly listening to the end, quietly and decorously resolved that the President had simply performed his duty. Now the same press is endeavoring to cover its inglorious failure by charging self-abandonment, dirt eating, and stupidity upon Senators whom they failed to manipulate and lead by the nose. Great is the power of the Democratic and Independent press, and the Tribune is its prophet.

It was supposed when the "Twining bill" was exposed and broken up, and the "Boss" convicted and sent to the Penitentiary, that the depth of Democratic valley and their in New York had sounded. The popular reaction placed Governor Dixon in the executive chair, and for a season that State enjoyed comparative immunity from the horde of Democratic thieves that infest it. By a united effort the Democracy again succeeded in carrying the State last fall, and three months since everything was serene and lovely in the household of the faithful. But alas! the declaration of the spoils has brought lice into this happy family. Mayor Wickham nominated against the rule of the new "boss" (Kelley), Kelley quarreled with the brewer, Morrissey, the Democratic Speaker denounced the Governor, the Governor in a fierce special message exposed the iniquities and thefts of the canal rig, proving them to be worse than those perpetrated by Tammany under the leadership of Tweed, and now recommitment of the bitterest kind is the order of the day. The general public is gleefully awaiting the denouement with the fullest faith in the axiom "when thieves fall out, honest men come to their own."

The Democratic party never had a finer opportunity to manufacture that peculiar kind of political capital, which is their chief trade, than from the troubles originating in the organization of the Louisiana Legislature; and it was not slow to avail itself of the chance. The hullabaloo it raised through the telegraph and press, was never exceeded by that of the noisiest Irish wake, while whiskey was free and the supply unlimited. How frantically they did denounce military tyrants, and despots, and satraps, and bayonet rule. How they did bewail the down trodden people of Louisiana, the overthrow of liberty, and the invasion of State rights. How they did howl and bellow, and lie, in their efforts to free the public heart and stir up armed resistance. And how they did gnash their teeth and rattle at Grant and Sheridan, and all supporters of the national administration. Of course the matter became a theme for Congressional discussion, and much time and wind was expended upon it, and the matter was finally disposed of by the Senate before it adjourned sine die last week. Days were spent by the Democratic Senators, each in turn solemnly taking his oath at the monstrous bugbear, raised to terrify the nation, and then when their entire store of ammunition had been expended the following resolution was passed by a party vote of yeas 33, nays 21:

Resolved, That the action of the President in protecting the Government in Louisiana, and the Executive and the people of that State against domestic violence, and in enforcing the laws of the United States in that State, is approved.
Imagine the "phiblic," of the dismay and disgusted Democracy and their allies, the "Independent press." The President sustained, the people gladly and cheerfully crying amen, and all that Democratic thunders, and a thunder—Love's labor lost. What a failure—was not my countryman!

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BECHERIANA.

The Brooklyn trial pours out over the country its regular quantity of swash each day, but what it is all about heaven only knows. At the beginning Becher was on trial for the seduction of Mrs. Tilton, and the alienation of that lady from her husband. But somehow all this has changed. It would seem now that the tables are turned, and that Tilton is on trial for any number of offences. They brought the President of a lecture committee from Winsted, Conn., to prove that he was too familiar with a young lady he had taken with him, and another man from Bloomington, Md., to swear that he uttered rather too liberal sentiments in a lecture there, and they have dragged in almost everybody to show that somewhere he has done almost everything that is foolish and bad. Now, what all this has to do with the question at issue at the beginning of the struggle, is more than I can see. Suppose Tilton is a gay lothario? Suppose the Winsted accusation is well-founded, and all the other accusations as well; suppose he is to-day the wickedest man in New York or anywhere else, what has all that to do with what he has done to Becher? Is Becher on trial, or is Tilton? That's the question.

Nothing new against Tilton has been developed this week. The court room has been crowded as usual, and the public interest does not seem to diminish. But Becher on trial, or is Tilton? That's the question. Nothing new against Tilton has been developed this week. The court room has been crowded as usual, and the public interest does not seem to diminish. But Becher on trial, or is Tilton? That's the question.

from the country are in, in force, and they are buying with considerable freedom. The breakfast, dinner and tea service cost \$24,000; the chairs in the dining room alone, cost \$4,200, each corncorn and each window in the dining room, cost \$100; the mirrors alone in the dining-room hall, cost \$10,000. A few of the most unimportant items—new beginners as it were—introduce you to the gorgeous figures of the things that cost. When you want to build a hotel in New York you want \$50,000 to pay for the ground on which it stands, \$1,000,000 to put into the building, and nearly as much more to finish it. Think of the acres of carpets at \$2 to \$6 per yard; think of the thousands of beds, bedsteads, sofas, that of the great mass of crockery and glass-ware, and the cost of furnishing a great hotel mounts up tremendously. The depreciation in value of the furniture of one of these establishments amounts to \$75,000 per year, one item of broken glasses footing up \$1,500.

A most perfect system necessarily obtains. The steward will know just exactly how much to buy, and what, and the proportions. The room clerks inform him in the morning how many people are in the house and he knows the number of oysters that number will require, the number of potatoes, the amount of wine, and the proportions. The head cook takes his order and the breakfast is accordingly prepared. So accurate is this law of averages that very little is wasted. Out of one hundred people they know that so many will want baked potatoes, three many boiled, so many stewed, and so many fried, and they are never out of the way. One bill of fare, taken at random, announces 11 separate divisions or classes of edibles, 4 soups, fish, boiled, roast, cold dishes, rosters, entrees, game, vegetables, preserves and confectionery, fruits and desserts. There are 69 separate articles, embracing 3 soups, 3 kinds of fish, 5 of boiled, 5 of roast, 7 varieties of salad, paste de foie gras with truffles, 10 varieties of entrees, grouse and wildgeon duck, 14 kinds of vegetables, 7 varieties of pastry, &c., 11 articles under the head of dessert. And all this is based upon the steward's calculation. It was all consumed and there was just enough.

The wine-cellar of one of the leading New York hotels holds at present 18 brands of champagne, 5 kinds of American wine, 12 varieties of sherry, 4 of port, 8 of Burgundy, 16 of claret, 14 bottles of Sauterne, and 3 of Moselle, while the supplies of brandy, whiskey, rum, ale, cider, liqueurs, cordials, &c., would fill several "sample-rooms."

The force necessary to run one of these hotels may be estimated as follows: a cook, 30; a baker, 3; a waiter, 8; a chambermaid, 80; a laundry woman, 35; scrub-women, 30; hall-porters, 2; expressmen, one; a locksmith, and so on. In all 229 men and 150 women are employed in the house, the pay roll footing up from \$10,000 to \$12,000 per month.

Of course the discipline is rigid. Every person must be on time, and every one in the house is bound to do his or her duty silently. They wear noiseless shoes, and never speak unless they are spoken to. A complaint from a guest is equivalent to a discharge. The cost of provisions for one of these hotels amounts in round numbers to \$1,000 per day. One hotel in New York uses up \$50 per day in pumpkin pie alone in the season. Of course the hotel proprietors in good times make money, for while the expenses are enormous, the receipts are correspondingly large. If the house is full the receipts ought to run very close to \$4,500 per day on board alone, but it does not stop there.

You pay for your own fires at the rate of \$1 per fire, and then there are the innumerable extras. If you have a meal brought to your room it is \$1 extra, and you are bibulously inclined it costs to indulge. The whiskey you get around the corner for ten cents, you pay twenty-five cents for at the bar of your hotel, and so on for all other drinks, and the same may be said of cigars.

A big source of revenue is privileges. The man who blacks your boots pays roundly for the room he occupies, and so does the umbrella stand and the barber shop. All these things are necessary to the hotel, but they are extras, and the proprietors don't give men the privilege of fleeing the public for nothing. Take it all in all the hotel proprietor has a very soft thing of it. I should like to own a large hotel myself.

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more concerning the GREAT WESTERN STORM—APALLING LOSS OF LIFE AND PROPERTY.
BALTIMORE, March 28.—The path of the tornado on Saturday was from two to six hundred yards wide. The cyclone was of a cylindrical shape, and travelled with fearful velocity from north to south. The front cloud was black as night, and a half mile high; the rear was illuminated by a bright light; it travelled nearly due east, veering a little to the north, devastating Calumet. The tornado seemed to have divided, one portion veering east by north crossing Alexander's road above and below Augusta, both proving equally destructive, laying waste everything in their track. Huge trees were broken like reeds, and in some instances carried topside down. A double barrel rearing, as of artillery in the distance. It spent its fury in about three minutes. An eyewitness says the senses were utterly benumbed and the appearance of a hundred terrific and unearthly sounds. Houses were demolished, and the noble oak that had withstood the storms of a century were snapped in twain. A wall of this residence, embracing eight counties in Georgia and two or three in South Carolina. The destruction of property is immense, and the list of killed and wounded appalling.

Death of a Noted Character.

BALTIMORE, March 28.—The Port Tobacco Independent says: Colonel Rich Thomas, generally called "Madame Sevona," died suddenly last Wednesday at the residence of his brother, James Thomas, in St. Mary's county, Maryland. A colonel Thomas became very conspicuous in the early part of the late civil war by the capture of the steamer St. Nicholas. He took passage in the steamer at Baltimore disguised as a "French lady," and at night, assisted by a few of his men on board, arrested the captain and officers of the steamer and ran her to Fredericksburg, Virginia. After he was resident some years in Paris, but returned to this country about two years ago.

Total Railroad Accident.

PITTSBURGH, March 29.—Coroner McClellan yesterday held an inquest over the body of a man named Samuel Kelly, who was run over by a train on the Pennsylvania Railroad near the old fair grounds. Deceased resided on Thirty-third street in the Thirtieth ward, and was employed as a driver for Frank Ardry. He had just attended to his horses in the stable, and was about crossing the track on his way home for dinner, when he was struck by a train. He was dragged some distance, and his body was frightfully mangled. A verdict of accidental death was rendered.

Revolt of Convicts.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., March 26.—80 men at work in the foundry in the State prison made a bold and desperate attempt to escape this afternoon. They suddenly quit work, overpowered their guards, tied and blindfolded them, and succeeded in partially cutting a hole in the outer wall, when a general alarm was given. The outside guards rushed to the rescue, and at the muzzle of their rifles forced the convicts to retreat. The leaders were promptly dealt with, and all is quiet again.

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